

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water
before breakfast to wash
out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any store that handles drugs which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.—Adv.

Wear and Tear.

Jim enjoys the distinction of living near to the only saloon in a southern town. He also enjoys the distinction of being without an index finger to his right hand.

Came one day a stranger and asked Jim the usual question—where was the place of refreshment. Jim pointed to it.

"Who cut dat finger off foh you?" asked the stranger. Jim looked him up and down.

"Dez ain' no one cut dat off," he said. "Ah's done wo' it off p'intin' out dat saloon to pussions jes sech as yoself."—New York Evening Post.

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and
sluggish bowels while
you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Appropriate Action.

"I see where the man who was suspended defies his superior."
"Yes, he is still hanging on."

About Right.

"What makes you think Bragg gets \$5,000 a year?"
"Well, he told me he got \$20,000."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 3/4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

His Machine.

Knicker—Has Jones a runabout?
Bocker—No, just a talkabout.—New York Sun.

Man wants but little hear below—
if the people occupying the flat above him own a piano.

Dean's Rheumatic Pills
For Rheumatism & Neuralgia. Entirely vegetable. Safe.—Adv.

Some nightingales sing in the day only.

One Snowy Night

By FRANCES E. LANYON

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Norman Bliss had come to Riverdale with a happy, hopeful heart. He left it gloomy, disappointed and discouraged. Ringing in his ears were words it seemed he never would forget:

"I would not marry this country lout, if he were the last man in the world!"

And Viola Tascott had spoken that fatal sentence—peerless, beautiful Viola, whom he had come to Riverdale to see, to woo, to wed, if she would but say the word.

And now, driving his farm team back to his lonely, lowly prairie home, the brave stalwart young fellow flinched as he thought over the vivid heart history of the past week.

He had lived in Plainfield, fifty miles across country from Riverdale, where his father died. At the former town Viola had come to visit a cousin, and he had met her. They were quite companionable, when old Mr. Bliss died suddenly. The family home and some other property had been owned by Mr. Bliss and, of course, Norman would inherit it. When the estate came to be settled up, however, one James Monks, a lawyer, seized the same under a mortgage.

Norman was amazed. Time and again he remembered his father had told him that the old mortgage on the property had all been paid up. The records, however, did not show any



Dimly He Made Out a Shadowy Mass.

release deed. Monks foreclosed on the old trust deed and seized the property.

On the bleak Dakota prairie, half way between the two towns, Mr. Bliss owned a small farm. This was not included in the mortgage, and was inherited by Norman, free of incumbrance. It was a solitary, desolate spot, but his only possession. With manly spirit and a hopeful heart, he took up his abode in the little one-story house, and started in to get a profit out of the land.

It proved to be a phenomenal season for wheat, and he was proud and joyful when he had disposed of the crop and figured up his gains. That winter Viola was again at Plainfield, visiting her relatives. Norman brought his only live stock, his sturdy farm team, to Plainfield, stabled it at a livery and remained a month in the town.

During those blissful four weeks he was almost a constant companion of Viola. Not a word of love passed between them, but he had every reason to believe that Viola took something more than a friendly interest in himself and his fortunes. When he had bidden her good-by, her brother invited him to their house in Riverdale in the early spring, and there was a positive echo of the invitation in the expressive eyes of his pretty sister.

So, all through the rest of the winter, Norman lived on the encouragement all this presaged. He hired a man to run the farm early in May, and went to Riverdale, as said, with a happy, hopeful heart.

Young Tascott acted like a true friend, and Viola welcomed him with apparent pleasure. Norman secured a room at the village hotel. Every afternoon there was tennis, or a picnic or some society function at the Tascott home, where Norman was received as an honored guest. Viola had her girl cousins visiting her and they were a sociable, jolly group.

Then that unfortunate afternoon Norman was passing the open window of a room in which Viola and some of her friends were gathered. He heard his name spoken before he reached the window. He heard, as he passed it, those fateful words:

"I would not marry that country lout, if he were the last man in the world!"

What inference could he divine except the one that he had been under discussion, and that Viola had spoken her mind. Stunned, crushed, humiliated, he hastened to the hotel. Within an hour he was fleeing from Riverdale as though it held a pestilence. He left no particular word for Viola or for her brother.

Then, in solitude, loneliness and gloom, Norman settled down to the hardest kind of work on his little farm. He never went to Riverdale, he made no inquiries concerning his former friends, the clock of his life seemed to have stopped for him, and he lost his nerve and ambition.

To make matters worse, the crops were a complete failure that year. What produce Norman took to Plainfield to sell barely paid his debts. Winter came on, and he was not able to put in the usual annual supply of coal.

It was a harsh, shivery season, full of privation and discomfort. Many a night he sought rest early to save the little heap of cordwood he had in store.

Then came a two weeks' spell of twenty below zero weather. To keep from positive suffering, Norman had to use up his little stock of hard wood. He began to gather up loose boards and chips around the place. He became alarmed for his team, and batted them into the little stable, tearing down a shed to repair the barn.

A part of the refuse of the shed and its boards sufficed for quite a fuel supply for the rude fireplace in the kitchen of the cabin.

There had been a heavy fall of snow, then it had, cleared off bitterly cold. Seated shivering by the almost empty fireplace, Norman half decided to drive with his team to Plainfield and put up at the hotel there till spring.

The day had opened clear and bright, but towards noon the snow had begun. Now it was a howling, blinding tempest. With the exception of a few bits of wood the fuel supply was absolutely exhausted.

"What was that?" cried Norman suddenly, and sprang to his feet, for above the whappings of the wind a clear, sharp cry had echoed forth in the grasp of the tempest outside.

Dimly he made out a shadowy mass in black contrast where the road had been. He struggled through the snow to discover a horse attached to a sleigh, lying inert where it had fallen. On the seat was the form of a man, evidently overcome by the intense cold. Staggering towards him was a woman, apparently attracted by the lights in the cabin, and screaming for help.

It was Viola Tascott! She fell half fainting into his arms. He bore her into the cabin, placed her on the big settee near the fireplace, dashed forth again, discovered that the horse was dead, and then bore in his arms into the cabin the overcome brother of the girl he loved.

Norman at once comprehended that the Tascotts had started across country that morning for Plainfield, to be overtaken by the storm. The brother lay unconscious. Viola was half sensible of her strange surroundings.

Heat! That was the essential of the hour. Recklessly, Norman piled on the last splinter or wood. Then he rushed to a corner where a hatchet lay. He glared about him desperately. There stood the old desk his father had left him. Crash! into its timbers the keen blade sank. It was soon a wreck. Soon, too, the fireplace blazed. Viola sat up and rubbed her eyes.

She told of their folly in trying to cross the bleak prairie. She aided Norman in seeing that her brother was administered to. Then he sat beside her on the settee, waiting for morning.

Only once she referred to the past. Why had he deserted them? He told her of those fateful overheard words at the window, and she, in blank consternation, told him that what he listened to was part of an amateur play she was rehearsing with her cousins.

Then—then—might he hope she would regard the words he had come to speak to her in the long ago? Ah, love was mightier than the storm and poverty, and there their troth was plighted.

And then came a wonderful discovery, for among the litter from the old desk, doubtlessly driven out from some secret drawer, Norman chanced to pick up a folded sheet.

It was the hidden release deed that made him owner of the town property, and a rich man.

IN SHAPE OF LOCOMOTIVE

Remarkable Clock That Has Been Constructed by Ingenious Kansas Mechanic—Eight-Day Type.

Quite a curious clock has been constructed by a Kansas mechanic in the form of a miniature locomotive. The dial, which is made of imitation ebony, is fixed on one side of the highly ornate cab of the engine and is studded with small ruby and green-colored incandescent lamps.

The interior of the cab is supplied with several other tiny globes, while the headlight, which is fitted with both a reflector and lens, also mounts a lamp. A switch controlled by the clock automatically turns the current on at six o'clock in the evening and cuts it off 12 hours later. The headlight, the lamps in the cab, and those on the face of the clock are wired in separate circuits.

Each of these groups is flashed independently of the others at intervals of about 15 seconds and remains lighted for a period of approximately three seconds. The clock is of standard make and of the eight-day type. It strikes on the hour and half hour by ringing the engine bell and while doing this turns the driving wheels of the locomotive, which do not touch the tiny rock-ballasted track on which they apparently rest. A manual switch at the rear of the cab provides an auxiliary control of the lamps.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

DAIRY THE DAIRY

NEGLECT VALUE OF RECORDS

Cow Bought at Low Price Not Always Best Investment—Best to Keep Track of Feed and Milk.

Is the cheaper-priced dairy cow necessarily the better investment? The question is well answered in the following instance: A man wishing a cow for dairy purposes called upon a dairyman who kept milk records as well as cost accounts. The buyer confined his attention to two cows. One of these would cost him \$75, the other \$175. The former was in good condition, but the dairy characteristics were not as fully developed as they might have been; the latter was the direct opposite. The records of the two cows were shown the buyer, but he was not as much interested in records as he should have been. He did not consider it worth while to sit down and figure out which would be the better investment.

Butter sold for 35 cents per pound the year around.	
The \$75 cow had a record of 236 pounds of butter.	
236 pounds at 35c—\$82.60.	
Cost of feed—\$22.	
\$82.60—\$22.00—\$60.60 profit per year.	
The \$175 cow had a record of 415 pounds.	
415 pounds at 35c—\$145.25.	
Cost of feed—\$40.00.	
\$145.25—\$40.00—\$105.25 profit per year.	

From these figures we see that it would take the \$75 cow about ten years to pay for herself in butter; if she was a middle-aged cow she would never do it. On the other hand, the \$175 cow would have paid for herself in butter in less than three years.

The buyer bought the \$75 cow. Would he have done this if he had appreciated the value of records, and figured out the value of each cow?

TREATING ULCERS OF CORNEA

Touch All Parts of Sore With Stick of Nitrate of Silver—Bathe With Solution of Salt Water.

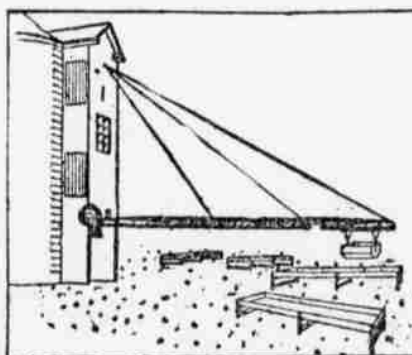
Ulcers of the cornea in calves may be caused by several things, such as bruises, abscesses, or beads from fox-tail; or it may be the result of a severe attack of pink eye. You can tell ulcers of the cornea from pink eye by means of the discharge. Instead of pus, you will find an acid, watery fluid. If it should be ulcer of the cornea, or ulcers formed by very violent cases of the pink eye, the treatment is about the same. Take a stick of nitrate of silver, sharpen as you would a pencil, get an attendant to hold the head of the calf, keeping the eyelids back, and touch all parts of the ulcer lightly with the stick of silver nitrate. Wait a few minutes and bathe eyes with a solution of salt water.

Repeat this operation in about three days. Unless you have a distinct projection on the cornea of the eye, do not use the caustic treatment. Bathe several times a day with sulphate of zinc, 15 grains to a half pint of soft water. Protect the eyes from flies, sunlight, etc.

USEFUL IN CARRYING SILAGE

Contrivance Adapted to Average-Sized and Small Feeding Yards—Arrangement Saves Labor.

The Nebraska experiment station in its Bulletin No. 145 describes in detail the silage carrier shown here. It is adapted to average-sized and small



Silage Carrier.

feeding yards and is a highly useful and labor-saving arrangement. The boom or arm to which the carrier is attached must be strongly attached and guyed. The feeding racks are arranged in a semicircle that brings them just under the tip of the arm.

GIVE COWS SALT REGULARLY

Best Plan Is to Have Box Handy Where Animals Can Help Themselves Whenever They Wish.

Don't forget to salt the cows. In experiments it has been found that a cow should have three-fourths of an ounce of salt a day live weight, with an additional six-tenths of an ounce for each twenty pounds of milk produced, to keep her in the best of condition.

Animals deprived of salt become emaciated and of low vitality, finally suffering a complete breakdown. Salt should be provided regularly.

The best plan is to have a box containing salt where the animals can get to it whenever they so desire. Either fine salt or rock salt can be used, although we prefer the latter.

RESPITE FOR MARY THOMAS

Colored Woman, Dissatisfied With Wings, Came Back to Earth for Another Spell of Life.

Mary Thomas had been on the books of the benevolent association for many years. Her rent was regularly paid from its all too small fund, her clothes and her medicines were largely provided for in the same manner. At last one day the treasurer's assistant, a negro preacher, burst into the office of his chief, hardly waiting to knock.

"Mary Thomas, she done daid, sah," he exclaimed.

"The gods are good," the treasurer breathed. "Sit down, Casey, and tell me how it happened."

"Ah don't know much 'bout it, sah," the negro answered. "Ma ol' 'oman, she heered it dis mo'nin' 'om a great gran'chile er Mary's, an Ah comes up yhar right away ter tell yer. I see on ma way over dar now, ter see she laid out properly. Good mo'nin', sah."

The next day a slow, sad knock sounded at the door of the treasurer's office, and Casey disconsolately walked in.

"She done come ter life, sah," he said shortly.

are you talking about?"

"Who has come to life, Casey? What?" Mary Thomas, sah. Hit warn't nothin' but a trance, an' she up an' 'roun' ergin big as life. She say as how her wings ain't been put on like they'd ought ter, an' dey come off, dat howcome she ain't stay daid, sah, yes, sah."

She Had the Evidence.

"He doesn't like my cooking," sobbed the three months' bride, a tear on her long lashes. "I just know he doesn't. So there!"

"What makes you think so?" her mother asked. "Has he said he doesn't like your cooking?"

"N-no-o," stammered the bride. "Nonsense, child, it's just your imagination. I felt there was no basis—"

"There is a basis," the bride insisted, tearfully. "I had been cooking the loveliest things for him for about two weeks, and then he told me he had decided to become a raw-food faddist. Boo-hoo-o-o!"—Judge.

Bad Risk.

"Broken your New Year's resolutions yet?"

"Every one of them. I wish I'd had the doggoned things insured."

PREPAREDNESS!

To Fortify The System Against Grip when Grip is prevalent LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE should be taken, as this combination of Quinine with other ingredients destroys germs, acts as a Tonic and Laxative and thus keeps the system in condition to withstand Colds, Grip and Influenza. There is only one "BROMO QUININE." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box, 5c.

Strangers Now.

Mrs. B.—What do you really and truly think my new fall hat cost?

Mrs. W.—Well, I suppose you expect me to say \$15, but I really and truly think it cost \$2.98.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Wm. H. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Incorrigible.

"I understand you fell off the water wagon."

"No, sir," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "It is true I dismounted. But I did so with dignity and deliberation."

Left His Eye on Guard.

An Irish soldier had lost his left eye in action, but was allowed to remain in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place. Being a typical "absent-minded beggar," he appeared on parade one day minus the left "window."

Said the adjutant: "Nolan, you are improperly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its proper place?"

Like a flash came the reply: "Sure, sir, I left it in my box to keep an eye on my kilt while I am on parade."

seizing an Opportunity.

Harry Lauder was being entertained with a story.

"An Irishman and a Scotchman went into a saloon together," said the wit, who was trying to interest the comedian, "and the Irishman discovered that he had lost his money."

Lauder did not laugh.

"I hope the Scotchman found it after the Irishman had gone out," he said, in perfect seriousness.

He was reminded recently by a member of a golf association that the organization had given him (Lauder) a watch to replace one he had lost.

"Now that you bring the subject up," said Lauder, "I think I lost a curb button on the links today."—Exchange.



The Health Alarm

often sounds first in the doctor's office when some healthy looking specimen of humanity, undergoing examination for life insurance, is told that his blood pressure is too high.

Increased blood pressure is no longer confined to old age; it is frequently found in men in their 40's who are otherwise healthy. In such cases it points to approaching degeneration of the arteries—a condition which in turn indicates those errors of diet that often end in various diseases of the stomach, kidneys, liver, nerves and heart.

Among these errors of diet is coffee drinking, because of the drug, caffeine, in coffee, the constant use of which weakens the walls of the arteries. Medical authorities now insist that in all cases of high blood pressure there must be total abstinence from coffee, tea and other harmful beverages.

Hard to give up coffee? Not at all, when one uses instead the pure food-drink—

Instant Postum

This delicious beverage is made of wheat, roasted with a little wholesome molasses. It is then reduced to a soluble powder, a level teaspoonful of which with hot water makes a perfect cup instantly.

Instant Postum tastes much like mild Java coffee, but is absolutely free from the drug, caffeine, or any harmful ingredient. It does contain those vitalizing elements of the grain which make for normal balance of the system.

"There's a Reason"

Send a 2-cent stamp to Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich., for a 5-cup sample of Instant Postum.